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THE WRITINGS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, WITH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME III.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT, BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS, POEMS ON SLAVERY, THE SPANISH STUDENT, THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS, THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
1886

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Note. The portrait prefixed to this volume is from an engraving on steel by J. A. J. Wilcox executed in 1886, after the crayon by Samuel Lawrence, made in 1854.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE first writing of Mr. Longfellow which found its way into print was *The Battle of Lovell's Pond*, four verses, published in the Portland *Gazette* when he was thirteen years of age. When he was a student in Bowdoin College he also contributed poems to a periodical journal, and shortly after graduation he wrote poems for an annual, *The Atlantic Souvenir*. A few prose sketches appeared during this period, but it may be said that previous to his first journey to Europe, that is, until he was nineteen years of age, whatever expression he sought was most naturally in the poetic form. His travel and study abroad gave him pause in this regard. His expectation of a professorship and his own intellectual awakening led him to throw himself into the study of modern languages and literature, and shortly before his return home after a three years' absence he could write: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together." His note-book and his letters indicate that his schemes for literary production looked distinctly to prose; and during the next ten years he gave himself, with a single exception, to the prose form. In this time he produced *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion*,

and almost the entire bulk of the critical and literary work of which he gave a selection in *Drift-Wood.*

The exception was a notable and interesting one. His introduction to other modern languages and literatures than the English was scarcely made before he began to render the verse which delighted him into corresponding forms in English; and while, after his return to America, he was contributing prose papers to the reviews and journals, he was constantly illustrating his criticism by specimens of translation, and publishing also independent renderings of current foreign poetic literature. His first book, aside from school-manuals, was his translation of *Coplas de Manrique*, and his prose volumes were lighted by lyrics in which his own poetic genius was a transparent medium for the beauty of the originals.

It was when he was in the flush of his intellectual manhood, established in what promised to be a permanent position in Harvard College, and with his days of wandering over, that he turned again to poetry. He was still a student, but the urgency of the student-mood was passed; the riches of human thought had become in a measure his possession; his personal experience had been enlarged and deepened; he no longer saw principally the outside of the world; youth with its surrender to the moment had gone, and manhood with its hours of reflection had come. So we may interpret the poet's mood as it discloses itself in the verses which introduce his first volume of original poetry.

The conclusion of one period of his intellectual growth, as instanced in the writing of *Hyperion*, melts into the beginning of a new period, which is instanced by the several Psalms, so called by himself, written and published at the end of 1838 and during 1839. In this latter year, a few months after the appearance of *Hyperion*, Mr. Longfellow gathered these recent poems, with those belonging to earlier stages, into a volume to which he gave the title *Voices of the Night*. The publication seems to have been a sudden thought coming to him in the exhilaration of his busy life. He writes in his diary, under date of September 11th, 1839: "I have taken to the Greek poets again, and mean to devote one hour every morning to them. Began to-day with Anacreon. What exquisite language! Why did I ever forget my Greek?" and the next day he notes: "I mean to publish a volume of poems, under the title of *Voices of the Night*. As old Michael Drayton says, —

> 'I will; yea, and I may!
> Who shall oppose my way?
> For what is he alone
> That of himself can say,
> He 's heire of Helicon?'"

He was not yet, indeed, so conscious of his destiny, that he could not outline, a few days later, a plan of literary work which embraced a history of English poetry, a novel, a series of sketches, and only one poem which may have been a paraphrase of Scandinavian verse. But it is to be noted that after the publication of *Voices of the Night* the succession of volumes of poetry was broken only

by *Kavanagh* and *Drift-Wood* in the collected prose-works. Once only did he seem to falter, when, as noted in a previous volume of this series, he felt the fire of poetry burning low, and thought to gather the sticks of his scattered prose as a sort of final blaze.

Voices of the Night as originally published, and as repeated in all collective editions of Mr. Longfellow's poetry previous to this, comprised three groups of poems: those recently written and published in the *Knickerbocker* magazine; a selection from his poems published in periodicals during and immediately after his college days; and translations which he had also contributed to periodicals and had inserted in *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. He introduced the volume with *Prelude* and summed it up with *L'Envoi*. In accordance with the plan of the present edition, the group of translations is reserved for a later volume, where all poems of this class will be brought together. Otherwise this division agrees with the original volume, and the foot-note readings are from the first form of the poems in that edition. The title of the division strictly belongs to the eight poems which follow the *Prelude;* originally it was applied particularly to the poem now entitled *Footsteps of Angels*.

The success of this volume was marked, and the tone in which the author speaks of it in his diary and letters, as well as the joyousness which pervades his life at this period, indicates how sincere and lasting was this new birth of song. He writes to his father, December 9, 1839: "The *Voices of*

the Night will be out in a few days. It will succeed finely, I have no doubt." In a letter to Mr. Greene, January 2, 1840, speaking of the book, he says: "Its success has been signal. It has not been out three weeks, and the publisher has not more than fifty copies left, out of nine hundred." Again, to the same correspondent, he writes, May 28, 1840: "The Poems have gone to a second edition; which is worth mentioning, as it does not often happen nowadays that a volume of poems runs through an edition so soon." Five months later he announces to his father that the third edition is in press, and adds: "The publisher, John Owen, has so lively a faith in the continued sale of the work that he is stereotyping it." This third edition was a limited one on large paper; the fourth was printing before the end of the year, and in April, 1841, he writes to his father: "I have the pleasure of informing you that the fifth edition of the *Voices* will go to press as soon as paper can be made or bought suitable for the purpose. I am very agreeably surprised at the success of the work."

Meanwhile he had been writing some of the most famous of his poems, and in the next season was considering the publication of a new volume. The publication of new volumes, however, did not cause Mr. Longfellow's first book to be forgotten. Although it was included in the Philadelphia illustrated edition which appeared in 1845, and again was included in the cheap edition in double columns, published early in 1846, he was able to write in his diary, July 7, 1846: —

"Looked over accounts with printers and publishers. Find that between eleven and twelve thousand copies of the *Voices of the Night* have been sold."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Πότνια, πότνια νὺξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
Ἔρεβόθεν ἔθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπό τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

PRELUDE.

Written in the autumn of 1839, when the poems which it introduces were collected for publication in book form.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me

Clapped their little hands in glee,
  With one continuous sound; —

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
  The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
  O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
  Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
  Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
  Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
  And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
  Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
  The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
  The Spring, clothed like a bride,

When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
  I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
  It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
  As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
  "Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
  Into the woodlands hoar, —

Into the blithe and breathing air,
  Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
  Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
  Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
  In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
  Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again, —
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
  As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
  Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
  Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
  Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise;
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise;
  Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
  Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
  The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
  Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
  Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright, —
Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίῃ, τρίλλιστος.

Composed in the summer of 1839 "while sitting at my chamber window, on one of the balmiest nights of the year. I endeavored to reproduce the impression of the hour and scene."

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
  From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
  What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
  And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
  Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
  The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Written July 26, 1838. Mr. Longfellow said of this poem: "I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to any one, it being a voice from my inmost heart, at a time when I was rallying from depression." Before it was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, October, 1838, it was read by the poet to his college class at the close of a lecture on Goethe. Its title, though used now exclusively for this poem, was originally, in the poet's mind, a generic one. He notes from time to time that he has written a psalm, a psalm of death, or another psalm of life. The "psalmist" is thus the poet himself. When printed in the *Knickerbocker* it bore as a motto the lines from Crashaw:

> Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes say, Welcome, friend.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

Line 24. Footsteps on the sands of time;
Line 25. Footsteps, that perhaps another,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

In his diary, under date of December 6, 1838, Mr. Longfellow writes: "A beautiful holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why, and wrote with peace in my heart, and not without tears in my eyes, *The Reaper and the Flowers, a Psalm of Death.* I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own." This psalm was printed in the *Knickerbocker* for January, 1839, with the sub-title *A Psalm of Death*, and with the familiar stanza from Henry Vaughan, beginning: —

Dear beauteous death; the jewel of the just!

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;

It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

"This poem was written on a beautiful summer night. The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind the groves of Mount Auburn, and the planet Mars blazing in the southeast. There was a singular light in the sky." H. W. L. It was published in the same number of the *Knickerbocker* as the last, where it was headed *A Second Psalm of Life*, and prefaced by another stanza from the same poem of Vaughan: —

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
  The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
  A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
  When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
  The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
  And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
  And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
  But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
  To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
  He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
  And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
  That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
  Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
  And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
  To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

"March 26, 1839. A lovely morning. Sat at home and wrote a third Psalm of Life, which I began long ago, but could never rightly close and complete till now. The beginning was written more than a year ago, and is copied under date of February 27, 1838; though, if I remember, I composed it a year earlier, even. In the afternoon I carried it to Felton and left it with him. He came up in the evening and said that he had read it to his wife, who 'cried like a child.' I want no more favorable criticism than this." The poem in its first form bore the title *Evening Shadows*, and will be found in the notes at the end of this volume. In its present form it was printed in the *Knickerbocker*, May, 1839, as *Voices of the Night: a Third Psalm of Life.* The reference in the fourth stanza is to the poet's friend and brother-in-law George W. Pierce, of whom he said long after: "I have never ceased to feel that in his death something was taken from my own life which could never be restored." News of his friend's death reached Mr. Longfellow in Heidelberg on Christmas eve, 1835, less than a month after the death of Mrs. Longfellow, who is referred to in the sixth and following stanzas.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
  And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,

Line 7. The beloved ones, the true-hearted,

Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS.

"I wrote this poem on the 3d of October, 1837, to send with a bouquet of autumnal flowers. I still remember the great delight I took in its composition, and the bright sunshine that streamed in at the southern windows as I walked to and fro, pausing ever and anon to note down my thoughts." H. W. L. It was probably the first poem written by Mr. Longfellow after his establishment at Cambridge [see Introductory Note, *ante*], and was published in the *Knickerbocker*, December, 1837, under the title of *Floral Astrology*.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
  One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
  Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
  As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
  Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
  God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
  Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
  Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
  In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
  Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
  Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
  Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
  Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
  Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
  Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
  Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
  Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
  Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;

Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
  Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
  And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
  In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
  On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
  Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
  Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
  On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
  In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
  Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
  How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
  We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
  Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Completed September 19, 1839. Mr. S. Longfellow states that the suggestion of the poem came from a note in one of the volumes of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy:* "Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague, but which disappeared upon the recitation of [certain] magical words."

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;

Up rose the glorious morning star,
  The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
  That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
  Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
  In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
  Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
  The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
  In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
  But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
  Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
  The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
  The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
  Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Written at Cambridge, September 17, 1839, and published in the *Knickerbocker*, October, 1839, as *The Fifth Psalm;* the author also calls it in his Diary *An Autumnal Chant.*

YES, the Year is growing old,
  And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
  Plucks the old man by the beard,
    Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
  Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
  It is a sound of woe,
    A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
  The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
  Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
    Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
  Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
  But their prayers are all in vain,
    All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
  The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
  Like weak, despised Lear,
    A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
  Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray
  Loveth that ever-soft voice,
    Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
  To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
  "Pray do not mock me so!
    Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
  Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
  Over the glassy skies,
    No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
  And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
  In the wilderness alone,
    "Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
  Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
  The wind Euroclydon,
    The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
  Sweep the red leaves away!

Line 4. Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Line 7. And the voice gentle and low
Line 15. No mist nor stain!

Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS

"These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: 'I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.'" This note was prefixed by Mr. Longfellow to the following group of poems when published in *Voices of the Night.* The same collection was retained in subsequent editions with only slight textual variation. The forms given in the foot-notes are those of the edition of 1839. In the appendix will be found a fuller collection of poems of this class. "The first five" of the following, Mr. Longfellow says elsewhere in a manuscript note, "were written during my last year in college, in No. 27 Maine Hall, whose windows looked out upon the pine groves to which allusion is made in *L'Envoi.*" These five poems were first published in the *United States Literary Gazette*, 1824–1825.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

Line 8. Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Line 11. And when bright sunset fills

[illegible]

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Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Line 11. And through the white-thorn blows the gale,

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
  When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
  And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
  Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
  Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
  Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
  I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

This poem was suggested by the following sentence in an article upon Count Casimir Pulaski in the *North American Review* for April, 1825: "The standard of his legion was formed of a piece of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania." The historical basis of the poem is discussed in a note at the end of this volume.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung

Line 7. And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,

The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

Line 1. The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Line 14. The war-cloud's encircling wreath,

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

Line 7. And the warrior took that banner proud,

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

This and the following poem were written in Portland immediately after Mr. Longfellow left college in the autumn of 1825, and were published in the *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1827.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south-wind blows ;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice

It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,

Line 8. When the sun sets. Within her eye

The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;

Line 2. At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

L'ENVOI.

This poem was written in the autumn of 1839 and served as a poetical summary of the volume *Voices of the Night*, which it closed, referring in its three parts to the three divisions of that volume. See Introductory Note and also head-note to *Earlier Poems*.

YE voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Two years after the appearance of *Voices of the Night*, Mr. Longfellow published a second volume of poems with the title *Ballads and other Poems*. It was issued December 19, 1841, and contained all the verse which he had written in the interval with the important exception of *The Spanish Student*. Besides the pieces included in this division in the present edition, the original volume contained two ballads translated from the German, and also *The Children of the Lord's Supper* from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, which will be found in the eighth volume of this series. It is to be noted that his intention at one time was to omit Tegnér's poem, and to print a thin volume mainly as a sort of herald to *The Spanish Student*, which he looked upon as an important venture. "I have two or three literary projects," he writes to Mr. Samuel Ward, September 17, 1841; "foremost among which are the *Student* and the *Skeleton*. I have been thinking this morning which I shall bring out first. The *Skeleton*, with the few other pieces I have on hand, will, it is true, make but a meagre volume. But what then? It is important to bring all my guns to bear now; and though they are small ones, the shot may take effect. Through the breach

thus made, the *Student* may enter the citadel in triumph."

The inception of the leading ballad in the volume may be traced through several steps. "This ballad was suggested to me," Mr. Longfellow said in an introductory note to the volume under consideration, "while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors." In illustration of this claim he quotes a passage from Professor Rafn in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, and then adds: "I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you are doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'" It was after this visit to Newport, made in 1838, that he made this entry in his diary: —

"May 24, 1839. Felton comes and reads me his [translation of] Menzel's *History of German Literature*. A vigorous, live book, and most faithfully done into English. Told him of my plan of a heroic poem on the Discovery of America by the Northmen, in which the Round Tower at Newport

and the Skeleton in Armor have a part to play. The more I think of it, the more I like it."

After he decided to publish *Voices of the Night* his mind was teeming with literary plans, and among other projects recorded in his diary is one without comment: "The Saga of Hakon Jarl; a poem," which was possibly the heroic poem which had floated before him, though Hakon Jarl was not a creation of Mr. Longfellow's. A few weeks later came a terrible storm on the coast, with the wreck among others of the schooner Hesperus on the reef called Norman's Woe. "I must write a ballad upon this," exclaims the poet in his diary; "also two others, — *The Skeleton in Armor* and *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*." It may also be noted that in the poem last written and then attracting some criticism, *Midnight Mass for the Dying Year*, he had approached the ballad form, while in *Hyperion*, then bringing him an echo in comment and criticism, he had made some spirited translations of German ballads. *The Wreck of the Hesperus* was written at once, but it is not stated just when he wrote *The Skeleton in Armor*. It is probable, however, that he wrote it shortly after, but kept it to himself for many months, not quite sure if he had succeeded. At any rate, there is an entry in his diary, January 13, 1840, which hints at the way his mind was working, for he records, *à propos* of a visit from W. H. Prescott: "Prescott seems to doubt whether I can imitate successfully the Old English ballad."

Finally, at the end of the year, upon receiving Uhland's *Das Glück von Edenhall*, he translated

it in ballad form, and immediately after writes to his father: "I have been hard at work, — for the most part wrapped up in my own dreams. Have written a translation of a German ballad, and prepared for the press another original ballad, which has been lying by me some time. It is called *The Skeleton in Armor*, and is connected with the old Round Tower at Newport. This skeleton in armor really exists. It was dug up near Fall River, where I saw it some two years ago. I suppose it to be the remains of one of the old Northern sea-rovers, who came to this country in the tenth century. Of course I make the tradition myself; and I think I have succeeded in giving the whole a Northern air. You shall judge soon, as it will probably be in the next *Knickerbocker;* and it is altogether too long to copy in a letter. I hope it may be successful, though I fear that those who only glance at it will not fully comprehend it; and I must say to the benevolent reader, as Rudbeck says in the preface of his *Atlantica* (a work of only 2500 folio pages), 'if thou hast not leisure to *study it through ten times*, then do not read it once, — especially if thou wilt utter thy censure thereof.' A modest request!"

A week later he writes to his father: "*The Skeleton in Armor* will appear in the January number of the *Knickerbocker*. My friend Ward, to whom I sent it, is very enthusiastic about it; which I am not, though I am very well satisfied with it. You will be amused to see how my friend's heart and head take fire and blaze away together. He writes: 'I could not forbear reading it to Hal-

leck (the poet) this morning. His bright eyes glistened like diamonds, and he read it through aloud himself with delight. He thanked me warmly for the pleasure it had afforded him; said it placed you extremely high, and was superior to any of your previous efforts. It will spread like wildfire over the country and richly reward you. Halleck remarked there was nothing like it in the language!' In order not to be led away by this, you ought to know the glowing and sanguine temperament of my friend. You must not expect to find the poem so fine as he does. He has associations with Newport which make him invest it with a charm which it will not have in the eyes of others. I think, however, that it is striking, and in its conception, perhaps, unique,—at least in our country. It is a national ballad, as *The Wreck of the Hesperus* is."

The ballad was published in the *Knickerbocker* for January, 1841, with marginal notes after the manner of Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*, but in reprinting it in his volume the poet wisely discarded an apparatus, which, unlike Coleridge's, was merely a running index to the poem. In the notes to this volume the reader will find the ballad printed as in the magazine.

Although he placed *The Skeleton in Armor* first in the volume, as being the longer and more important poem, Mr. Longfellow evidently was chiefly conscious of a new departure in his art when he wrote the second ballad in the collection. "I have broken ground in a new field," he writes to Mr. Greene; "namely, ballads; beginning with the

Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus, on the reef of Norman's Woe, in the great storm of a fortnight ago. I shall send it to some newspaper. I think I shall write more. The national ballad is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the *people's* feelings. I am going to have it printed on a sheet, with a coarse picture on it. I desire a new sensation and a new set of critics. Nat. Hawthorne is tickled with the idea. Felton laughs and says, 'I would n't.'" Nor did he, in spite of Hawthorne's assurance that he would distribute the ballads to every skipper of every craft he boarded in his custom-house duties, so as to hear their criticisms. Instead, he sent it to Park Benjamin's mammoth sheet, *The New World*, where it appeared, January 14, 1840. Of the actual composition of the ballad he writes as follows in his diary, under date of December 30, 1839: —

"I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the *Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus;* which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

The foot-note readings are those of the first edition of *Ballads and other Poems*.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,

Draining the oaken pail,
  Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
  Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
  Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
  Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
  By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
  Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft

The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden, —
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;

Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
  Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
  That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
  To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

Line 2. With his pipe in his mouth,
Line 3. And watched how the veering flaw did blow
Line 6. Had sailed the Spanish Main,

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Line 18. With his face to the skies,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
    Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
    A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
    She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
    Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
    Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
    Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
    With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
    Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
    A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
    The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
    On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

In the autumn of 1839 Mr. Longfellow was writing psalms, as seen above, and he notes in his diary, October 5th: "Wrote a new Psalm of Life. It is *The Village Blacksmith.*" A year later he was thinking of ballads, and he writes to his father, October 25th: "My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of ballad on a Blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker* [November, 1840], which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury [the first Stephen Longfellow]." It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the form of the poem had been changed during the year. The suggestion of the poem came from the smithy which the poet passed daily, and which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree not far from his house in Cambridge. The tree was removed in 1876, against the protests of Mr. Longfellow and others, on the ground that it imperilled drivers of heavy loads who passed under it. The correction in the twenty-third line is not to the earliest form. It is one suggested during Mr. Longfellow's life-time, and accepted by him as a desirable one, but not actually made in any edition. Mr. Longfellow thought the original form had become fixed, and could not well be altered.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Line 15. And watch the burning sparks that fly

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought.

ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
  Lie on the landscape green,
  With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
  Had dropt her silver bow
  Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
  When, sleeping in the grove,
  He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;

Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity, —
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.
Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,
  The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
  The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
  It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
  The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; — the buds, the leaves,
  That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves; —
  There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
  The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
  The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
  Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
  For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
  To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
  There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

Written at the old home in Portland.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

Written October 23, 1841. "I would like to be *burned*, not *buried*," Mr. Longfellow notes, and in a letter to Mr. Ward, who had the poem in his hands for publication, he writes: "I here add a concluding stanza for *God's-Acre*, which I think improves the piece and rounds it off more perfectly than before, — the thought no longer resting on the cold furrow, but on the waving harvest beyond: —

Green gate of Paradise! let in the sun!
Unclose thy portals, that we may behold
Those fields elysian, where bright rivers run,
And waving harvests bend like seas of gold.

The poem was published with this additional stanza in *The Democratic Review* for December, 1841, but when it came to be added to the volume the stanza was dropped.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
  The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
  And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
  Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
  Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
  In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
  Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
  In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
  With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
  And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
  This is the place where human harvests grow.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

"I wrote the other evening [October, 1841] a song to the River Charles; quite successful; though, as it is local, I think it had better appear first in the volume, not in any magazine." But Mr. Longfellow yielded to the urging of his correspondent, Mr. Ward, and consented to the appearance of the poem in Park Benjamin's paper, *The New World*. Mr. Benjamin, however, disposed of this and another poem sent at the same time to "respectable sources," giving as one reason: "I do not like the poems so well as many others you have written. They are by no means so worthy of your genius as *Excelsior*, a magnificent piece, which I regret having parted with." The poem appeared in *The Ladies' Companion*, January, 1842. The three friends hinted at in the eighth stanza were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, and Charles Amory.

River! that in silence windest
  Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
  In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
  Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
  Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
  Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
  I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
  I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
  Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
  When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
  And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
  Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
  Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
  And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
  And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me
  Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
  Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
  How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
  On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!
  That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
  Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Written November 3, 1841. Mr. Longfellow writes under that date to Mr. Ward: "I was reading this morning, just after breakfast, the tenth chapter of Mark, in Greek, the last seven verses of which contain the story of blind Bartimeus, and always seemed to me remarkable for their beauty. At once the whole scene presented itself to my mind in lively colors, — the walls of Jericho, the cold wind through the gate-way, the ragged, blind beggar, his shrill cry, the tumultuous crowd, the serene Christ, the miracle; and these things took the form I have given them above, where, perforce, I have retained the striking Greek expressions of entreaty, comfort, and healing; though I am well aware that Greek was not spoken at Jericho. The poem is for your private eye. It must see the light first in the volume, which is going bravely on. I think I shall add to the title 'supposed to be written by a monk of the Middle Ages,' as it is in the legend style."

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd; — he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει· ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"

And he replies, "Oh, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."
And Jesus answers, Ὕπαγε·
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει· ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Mr. Longfellow writing to Mr. Ward, November 3, 1841, says: "I shall send him [Mr. Benjamin] a new poem, called simply *Fennel*, which I do not copy here on account of its length. It is as good, perhaps, as *Excelsior*. Hawthorne, who is passing the night with me, likes it better." He afterward changed the title to that which the poem now bears. This was the other of the two pieces which Mr. Benjamin valued lightly. It was printed in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1842.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
    Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
    And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
    Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
    A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
    New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,

How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief,
Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

When writing to his father of the appearance of his new volume of poems, Mr. Longfellow said: "I think the last two pieces the best, — perhaps as good as anything I have written." These pieces were the following and *Excelsior*. *Maidenhood* was published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1842.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered; —
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

The original manuscript of *Excelsior*, showing the several drafts and interlineations, is preserved in the library of Harvard University. It was written on the back of a note from Mr. Sumner, and is dated at the close: "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock, morning. Now to bed." The suggestion of the poem came to Mr. Longfellow from a scrap of newspaper, a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State, — a shield, with a rising sun, and the motto *Excelsior*. The intention of the poem was intimated in a letter from Mr. Longfellow written some time after to Mr. C. K. Tuckerman: —

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem *Excelsior* and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is Excelsior — 'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village — through the rough, cold paths of the world — where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers — his fate — before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise

of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that *Excelsior*, an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers." This he afterwards found to be a mistake, and explained *excelsior* as the last word of the phrase *Scopus meus est excelsior*.

Five years after writing this poem, Mr. Longfellow made the following entry in his diary: "December 8, 1846. Looking over Brainard's poems, I find, in a piece called *The Mocking-Bird*, this passage: —

> Now his note
> Mounts to the play-ground of the lark, high up
> Quite to the sky. And then again it falls
> *As a lost star falls* down into the marsh.

Now, when in *Excelsior* I said: —

> A voice fell like a falling star,

Brainard's poem was not in my mind, nor had I in all probability ever read it. Felton said at the time that the same image was in Euripides, or Pindar, I forget which. Of a truth, one cannot strike a spade into the soil of Parnassus, without disturbing the bones of some dead poet."

In the notes at the end of this volume will be found an analysis of the poem by the editor, based upon the changes made by the poet in original drafts. Dr. Holmes remarks of *Excelsior* that "the repetition of the aspiring exclamation which gives its name to the poem, lifts every stanza a step higher than the one which preceded it."

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

POEMS ON SLAVERY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In the spring of 1842 Mr. Longfellow obtained leave of absence from college duties for six months and went abroad to try the virtues of the water-cure at Marienberg on the Rhine. At St. Goar he made an acquaintance with Ferdinand Freiligrath, the poet, which ripened into a life-long friendship. It was to this friend that he wrote shortly after his return to America: —

"Let me take up the golden thread of my adventures where I last dropped it, that is to say in London. I passed a very agreeable fortnight with Dickens. . . . Taking reluctant leave of London, I went by railway to Bath, where I dined with Walter Savage Landor, a rather ferocious critic, — the author of five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*. The next day brought me to Bristol, where I embarked in the *Great Western* steamer for New York. We sailed (or rather, paddled) out in the very teeth of a violent west wind, which blew for a week, — '*Frau die alte sass gekehrt rückwärts nach Osten*' with a vengeance. We had a very boisterous passage. I was not out of my berth more than twelve hours for the first twelve days. I was in the forward part of the vessel, where all the great waves struck and broke

with voices of thunder. There, 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote seven poems on slavery; I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth, and there I lay on my back and soothed my soul with songs. I send you some copies."

He had published the poems at once on his arrival in America in December, 1842, in a thin volume of thirty-one pages in glazed paper covers, adding to the seven an eighth, previously written, poem. It is possible that his immediate impulse to write came from his recent association with Dickens, whose *American Notes*, with its "grand chapter on slavery," he speaks of having read in London. The book with its stringent reflections on American politics may easily have given rise also to talk with its writer. But Mr. Samuel Longfellow in his *Life* says of his brother: "As a young man he had been accustomed to read in his father's house the numbers of Benjamin Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. While in Brunswick he had conceived the idea of writing a drama on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, 'that thus I may do something in my humble way for the great cause of Negro emancipation.' . . . The book threw the author's influence on the side against Slavery; and at that time it was a good deal simply to take that unpopular side, publicly. With the Abolitionist leaders he was not acquainted. To his pacific temper, constitutionally averse to controversy and

'disliking everything violent,' these brave and unrelenting fighters for justice, humanity, and liberty seemed often harsh, violent, and dictatorial. He found more congenial the earnestness of his friend Mr. Sumner, who was beginning that career of political anti-slavery activity which ended only with his death, but of whom one of the Abolitionists declared in the heat of his discourse that 'Charles Sumner was a greater enemy of the slave than the slave-holders themselves.' "

The book naturally received attention out of all proportion to its size, and it may be added, its literary importance. It was impossible for one at that time to range himself on one side or other of the great controversy without inviting criticism not so much of literary art as of ethical position. To his father, Mr. Longfellow wrote: "How do you like the Slavery Poems? I think they make an impression; I have received many letters about them, which I will send to you by the first good opportunity. Some persons regret that I should have written them, but for my own part I am glad of what I have done. My feelings prompted me, and my judgment approved, and still approves."

The volume was introduced by the following passage from Massinger: —

> The noble horse,
> That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
> Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
> Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
> Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
> Was set at liberty and freed from service.
> The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
> Marble, hewed for the Temple of the Gods,
> The great work ended, were dismissed and fed

At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

This note also was prefixed to the little volume.

"The following poems, with one exception [*The Warning*], were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man."

POEMS ON SLAVERY

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
  And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
  "Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
  At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
  Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
  The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
  Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
  Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
  To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
  Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
  This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
  His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
  Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
  He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
  The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
  Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
  Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
  Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
  They held him by the hand! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
  And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
  Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
  And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
  Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
  The bright flamingoes flew;

From morn till night he followed their flight,
  O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
  And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
  And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
  Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
  Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
  Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
  With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
  At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
  Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
  And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
  Had broken and thrown away!

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
  In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
  Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
  That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
  All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
  With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
  By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
  Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside
  And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
  When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
  Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
  In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
  And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
  To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
  And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
  Their outbound sails have sped,

While she, in meek humility,
  Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
  That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
  That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
  The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
  And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
  In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
  Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
  Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
  Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
  Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
  Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
  All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
  With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
  From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
  And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
  Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
  With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
  Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
  No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
  Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
  Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
  They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

Line 16. No more to sink or rise.

Within Earth's wide domains
  Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
  Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
  In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
  Scare school-boys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
  Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
  That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
  They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
  Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
  And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
  And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
  Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
  Reached them from time to time,

Like airs that breathe from Paradise
  Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
  Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
  He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
  In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
  And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
  In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
  A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
  Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
  And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
  As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
  The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, — the farm is old,"
  The thoughtful planter said;

Line 15. Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,
Line 17. No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,

Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
  And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
  With such accursed gains:
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
  Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
  He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
  Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
  He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
  In a strange and distant land!

THE WARNING.

Written before the voyage to Europe, but not printed until included in *Poems on Slavery*.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
  The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
  Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
  His desperate hands, and in its overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
  A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
  And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE attraction which Spanish life and literature had for Mr. Longfellow was very strong. His diaries and letters indicate, in the eight months of his sojourn in Spain, when he first visited Europe, a constant delight in the scenes which met his eye, and he seemed to form a special attachment for the Spanish people. His *Outre-Mer* reflects this enthusiasm, and as has already been noted, the first book which he published was the *Coplas de Manrique*, while his early essays in translation were very generally from the Spanish.

His college work both at Brunswick and at Cambridge not only served to familiarize him with the Spanish language, but gave him opportunity and a scarcely needed excuse for large incursions into the domain of Spanish literature, especially leading him to the writings of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Calderon. It was while laboring through the earlier Spanish drama that he noted in his diary, March 27, 1840: "In the evening I read *El Mejor Alcalde el Rey*, a glorious play of the great Lope. It is magnificent, — full of movement and dramatic power, and with a tide of language like a mighty river. Read likewise the *Moza de Cántaro*, which belongs to the *capa y*

espada school. But these are stolen pleasures, — glimpses into the dramatic paradise, foretastes. To-morrow I must go back." So the next day he went back to Torres Naharro, finished his task, and then proposed to take up the prose comedian Lope de Rueda, "who, judging by a peep here and there, is full of fun." And then he added, as if a sudden thought struck him: "A good idea! Yes, I will write a comedy, — '*The Spanish Student!*' "

Whether or no the actual theme of his comedy as he afterward wrote it then flashed into his mind we cannot say, but from his familiarity with Cervantes, one of whose tales suggested the main action of the play and the name of the heroine, it is not impossible that at this time he conceived the notion of a student, as he had seen such in Spain, for his hero and a gypsy-girl for heroine. He seems to have allowed the subject to lie germinating in his mind till late in the fall of the same year, when he made a first draft of the play. "I have written," he says in a letter to his father, December 20, 1840, after speaking of *The Skeleton in Armor*, "a much longer and more difficult poem, called *The Spanish Student*, — a drama in five acts; on the success of which I rely with some self-complacency. But this is a great secret, and must not go beyond the immediate family circle; as I do not intend to publish it until the glow of composition has passed away, and I can look upon it coolly and critically. I will tell you more of this by and by. I hope you will not think me self-conceited because I parade all these things

before you. I remember that I am writing to my father."

There was some consultation with Mr. Ward upon the project of putting the play upon the stage, but the scheme was abandoned, and Mr. Longfellow turned his thoughts toward publication. As has been noted in the introduction to *Ballads and other Poems* he regarded that book as a sort of *avant-coureur* of *The Spanish Student*, but for some reason he decided to issue the play first in serial form, and it appeared in the September, October, and November numbers of *Graham's Magazine*, 1842, during the author's absence in Europe. Possibly Mr. Longfellow desired to test the public in this way, and also to obtain the preliminary criticism of printing. At any rate, when the book was published in the early summer of 1843 it was in a form very carefully revised from the magazine text; the alterations afterwards made by the author, as may be seen by the foot-notes, were very few and inconsiderable. The book bore upon the title-page a motto from Burns: —

> What 's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what 's resisted.

The following preface also was published in the first edition: —

"The subject of the following play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gypsy girl, and the name of the heroine, Preciosa. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

"In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solís y Rivadeneira in *La Gitanilla de Madrid*.

"The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English dramatist of the seventeenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gypsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Doña Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, *La Fuerza de la Sangre*.

"The reader who is acquainted with *La Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solís, and Middleton will perceive that my treatment of the subject differs entirely from theirs."

THE SPANISH STUDENT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO	*Students of Alcalá.*
THE COUNT OF LARA, DON CARLOS	*Gentlemen of Madrid.*
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO	*Count of the Gypsies.*
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN	*A young Gypsy.*
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO	*Alcalde.*
PANCHO	*Alguacil.*
FRANCISCO	*Lara's Servant.*
CHISPA	*Victorian's Servant.*
BALTASAR	*Innkeeper.*
PRECIOSA	*A Gypsy Girl.*
ANGELICA	*A poor Girl.*
MARTINA	*The Padre Cura's Niece.*
DOLORES	*Preciosa's Maid.*

Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The* COUNT OF LARA'S *chambers. Night. The* COUNT *in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with* DON CARLOS.

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?
Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"Oh, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman!
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Line 29. As beauteous as a saint's in Paradise.

Don C. Why do you ask?
Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!
Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.
Lara. How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There 's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?
Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.
Lara. And therefore won
The easier.
Don C. Nay, not to be won at all!
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,

Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (*rising*). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer.
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

Lara. Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter* FRANCISCO *with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.
Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it
I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A street in Madrid. Enter* CHISPA, *followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease.

Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper

of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — PRECIOSA'S *chamber. She stands at the open window.*

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *by the balcony.*)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.
Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.
Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.
Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.
Prec. That were a life to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.
Vict. Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?
Prec. Am I not always fair?
Vict. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.
Prec. I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee!
Vict. There 's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Line 14. That were a life indeed to make time envious!
Line 15. I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest
Is this?

Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me —

Vict. That thou mayest dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'T will be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.
Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!
Prec. Dost thou remember
When first we met?
Vict. It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.
Prec. 'T was Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.
Vict. Thou blessed angel!
Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.
Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!
Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.
Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!
But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest,

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (*in the street*). Ave Maria
Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Line 16. Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,

Vict. (*giving her a ring*). And to remind thee
of my love, take this;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby, — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (*laying her hand upon his mouth*). Hush! hush!
Good night! and may all holy angels guard
thee!

Vict. Good night! good night! Thou art my
guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art
thou safe?

Vict. (*from the garden*). Safe as my love for
thee! But art thou safe?
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (*throwing down her handkerchief*). Thou
silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.
It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (*at a distance*). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BALTASAR *asleep on a bench. Enter* CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (*waking*). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table*). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating*). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking*). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vinto Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (*without*). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
The candles have burned low; it must be late.
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,
The only place in which one cannot find him
Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrive her of every sin.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!
Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?
Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.
Hyp. The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
I 'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."
Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
That I must speak.
Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!
Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?
Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.
Vict. Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She 's in Madrid.
Hyp. I know it.
Vict. And I 'm in love.
Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.
Vict. Oh pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.
Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa —
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave;*
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!
Hyp. Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?
Vict. I mean it honestly.
Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!
Vict. Why not?
Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.
Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.
Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.
Vict. In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'T will be indeed a wonder.
Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?
Hyp. Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?
Vict. She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.
Hyp. Which means, in prose,
She 's sleeping with her mouth a little open!
Vict. Oh, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in child-like sleep!
Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?
Vict. Ay, indeed I would!
Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*
Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (*rising*). And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night! We 'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night! [*Exit.*

Vict. Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO *has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action —
The shapeless masses, the materials —
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — PRECIOSA'S *chamber. Morning.* PRECIOSA *and* ANGELICA.

Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?
Ang. The Count of Lara.
Prec. The Count of Lara? Oh, beware that man!
Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.
Ang. You know him, then!
Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!
Ang. Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.
Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?
Ang. Angelica.
Prec. That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (*rising*). I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night, — perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks.
Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.
Prec. Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.
Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*
Prec. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I 've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter* Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!
Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?
Cruz. Thyself, — my child.
Prec. What is thy will with me?
Cruz. Gold! gold!
Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.
Cruz. The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!
Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.
Cruz. That is a foolish lie.
Prec. It is the truth.
Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?
Prec. To one
Who needs it more.
Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —
Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and erelong
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

Then I am free and strong, — once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román —

Prec. (*with emotion*). Oh, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion: if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

Prec. Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But this one deed of charity I'll do,
Read what me; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II. — *A room in the* ARCHBISHOP'S *Palace. The* ARCHBISHOP *and a* CARDINAL *seated.*

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.
Card. Know and approve.
Arch. And further,
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.
Card. I trust forever.
It was a cruel sport.
Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.
Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your Grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter* PRECIOSA, *with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.*)

Card. (*aside*). Oh, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (*kneeling before the* ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (*aside*). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'T is the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The* ARCHBISHOP *and the* CARDINAL *look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*)

SCENE III. — *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening.* DON CARLOS *and* HYPOLITO *meeting.*

Don C. Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;
But what of that?
Hyp. I am that wretched man.
Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?
Hyp. And amen! said my Cid Campeador.
Don C. Pray, how much need you?
Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces,
Which, with due interest —
Don C. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.
Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse.
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.
Don C. No, 't is at your service.
Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.
Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?
Hyp. This moment.
Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?
Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a laso.
He is in love.
Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Line 4. And amen! said the Cid Campeador.

Hyp. In his case very ill.
Don C. Why so?
Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!
Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.
Hyp. Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.
Don C. Well, well! who is this doll?
Hyp. Why, who do you think?
Don C. His cousin Violante.
Hyp. Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.
Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.
Hyp. Not I.
Don C. Why not?
Hyp. (*mysteriously*). Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!
Don C. Jesting aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa.
Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.
Hyp. Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.
Don C. He comes this way.
Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.
Hyp. Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.
Don C. What ho! Victorian!
Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?
Vict. Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?
Don C. At your service ever.
Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?

Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.
Hyp. Ay de mí!
Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.
A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.
Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?
Vict. Not a whit. Why so?
Hyp. I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.
Vict. No, I am not jealous.
Hyp. Thou shouldst be.
Vict. Why?
Hyp. Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.
Vict. Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous?
Hyp. Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.
Vict. Indeed!
Then he will have his labor for his pains.
Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.
Vict. How 's this, Don Carlos?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.
Vict. Death and damnation!
I 'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But, no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!
[*Exit.*

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — PRECIOSA'S *chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The* COUNT OF LARA *enters behind unperceived.*

Prec. (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!
(*The bird sings.*)
Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

> All are sleeping, weary heart!
> Thou, thou only sleepless art!
> All this throbbing, all this aching,
> Evermore shall keep thee waking,
> For a heart in sorrow breaking
> Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the* COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me —

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold —

Prec. (*turning her back upon him*). You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'T is for your good I come.

Prec. (*turning toward him with indignation*).
Begone! begone!
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
Oh shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;

But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!
I 've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jest.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?
Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, —
You see the roof there just above the trees, —
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night, — be not offended
If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair —

(*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.*)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend, — I am your friend, —
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind.*)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!
Prec. Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.
Lara. Give me some sign of this, — the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!
Prec. Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. Oh, sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.
Lara. I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, oh, let me thus
With this embrace —

Vict. (*rushing forward*). Hold! hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?
Lara. First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?
Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!
Lara. Are you the master here?
Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right!
Prec. (*to* LARA). Go! I beseech you, go!
Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon!
Lara. You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*
Prec. Victorian!
Oh, we have been betrayed!
Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!
'T is I have been betrayed, not we! — not we!
Prec. Dost thou imagine —
Vict. I imagine nothing;
I see how 't is thou whilest the time away
When I am gone!
Prec. Oh, speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.
Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.
Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!
Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.
Prec. I did not heed his words.
Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all —
Vict. I heard enough.
Prec. Be not so angry with me.
Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm.
Prec. If thou wilt let me speak —
Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!
I do not like these Gypsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?
Prec. In my casket.
Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!
Prec. I call the Heavens to witness —
Vict. Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!
Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!
Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Prec. And this from thee!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V. — *The* COUNT OF LARA'S *rooms. Enter the* COUNT.

Lara. There 's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I 've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled —

(*Enter* FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord;
He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?

Fran. I 've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

Vict. Oh shame! Oh shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, "Hide thyself!" Oh what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'T is for gold! for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I 've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He 'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(*Enter* LARA *followed by* FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?
Vict. No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.
(*They fight.* VICTORIAN *disarms the* COUNT.)
Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?
Lara. Strike! strike!
Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.
(FRANCISCO *hands the* COUNT *his sword, and* HYPOLITO *interposes.*)
Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.
Lara. I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.
Vict. Nay, something more than that.
Lara. I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? Oh, pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so, Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

Lara. Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with* FRANCISCO.

SCENE VII. — *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter* CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Line 4. Farewell! farewell!

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him, — the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers* PRECIOSA *in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion.* PRECIOSA *faints.*

SCENE IX. — *The* COUNT *of* LARA'S *chambers.* LARA *and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!
Don L. Why not music?
It softens many hearts.
Lara. Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.
Don J. Try golden cymbals.
Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.
Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

All. Preciosa.
Lara (*holding up his glass*). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! Oh nevermore henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet down.*)

Don J. Ite! missa est!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X. — *Street and garden wall. Night. Enter* CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
  I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee, — to be near thee,
  Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
  Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
  While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
  Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
  My sweet lady-love;
  Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
  Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
  Is there not one brother!

Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the* COUNT OF LARA *and gentlemen with* FRANCISCO.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Reënter* CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. — PRECIOSA'S *bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress.* DOLORES *watching her.*

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window, and listens.*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (*in her sleep*). I must go hence!
Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps.

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

Dol. (*from the window*). Who 's there?

Voice (*from below*). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I 'm ready now, — give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

Voice. Muera!

Another voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. Oh, I am wounded!

Dol. (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire.* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO, *as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees.* HYPOLITO *plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.
What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened, — confused, —
Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind afield, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter* PANCHO, *followed by* PEDRO CRESPO.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA *at the door of his cottage.*)

Padre Cura,
Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you!
Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (*reads*). "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent.* PANCHO *follows.*)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the* PADRE CURA'S *door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all things, —
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *playing.*)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

Padre C. (*joyfully*). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (*aside*). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!
And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something, —
You understand, — which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (*aside*). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true,
He 's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There 's nothing so undignified as anger.
Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.
Padre C. I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.
Hyp. 'T is Ovid, is it not?
Padre C. No, Cicero.
Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)
Padre C. Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A room in the* PADRE CURA'S *house. Enter the* PADRE *and* HYPOLITO.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.
Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.
How may I call your Grace?
Padre C. Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honor's service.
Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?
From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.
Hyp. Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you! Oh, some lucky star
Has brought me hither! Yet once more! — once more!
Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"
Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.
Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.
Padre C. Of what professor speak you?
Hyp. Timoneda.
Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.
Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?
Padre C. Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I 've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?
Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?
Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You 're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(*Enter* MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mart. 'T will be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I 'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.

Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I 'll tell you what they said. They said, — they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart. (*surprised*). How know you that?
Hyp. Oh, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.
(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter* VICTORIAN, *with a letter.*)
Vict. The muleteer has come.
Hyp. So soon?
Vict. I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.
Hyp. What news from Court?
Vict. He brought this letter only. (*Reads.*)
Oh, cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa? how art thou avenged!
Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?
Vict. Oh, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!
Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.
Vict. He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp. To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I 've done her!

Hyp. Oh, beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness, — I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter* CHISPA, *cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter* DON CARLOS.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter* MOSQUITO, *putting on his jacket.*)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience.
I 'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I 'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what 's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What 's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to* MOSQUITO.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

Gypsies (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee ?
Oh how from their fury shall I flee ?

First Gypsy (*playing*). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran ;
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (*playing*). There you are in your morocco !

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcaldè's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gypsies (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros ; leave work, leave play ; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay !

Cruz. (*to the left*). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO *walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter* PRECIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees,
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. Oh, touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I 've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I 'm thine no longer.

Bart. Oh, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I 'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'T was my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!
Bart. False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!
Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.
Bart. For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.
Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.
Bart. Come, come with me.
Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.
Bart. I entreat thee, come!
Prec. Away! It is in vain.
Bart. Wilt thou not come?
Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.
[*Exit.*

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *behind.*)

Vict. 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!
Hyp. A woodland nymph!
Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.
Hyp. Be wary.
Do not betray thyself too soon.
Vict. (*disguising his voice*). Hist! Gypsy!
Prec. (*aside, with emotion*). That voice! that voice from heaven! Oh speak again!
Who is it calls?
Vict. A friend.
Prec. (*aside*). 'T is he! 'T is he!
I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*). There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver?

Vict. No, 't is gold.

Prec. There 's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story!
Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame! shame! Oh, you have wronged the maid who loved you!
How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.
Vict. (*aside*). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)
Prec. No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!
Vict. Why, 't is but a ring.
I 'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.
Prec. Why would you have this ring?
Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.
Prec. No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.
Vict. How? dead?
Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.
Vict. (*aside*). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. Oh, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!
Vict. I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

Prec. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?
Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!
Prec. Hadst thou not come —
Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!
Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.
Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? Oh, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?
Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.
Vict. I 'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara —

Line 2. To utter such a fiendish lie!
Line 3. Not dare?

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard —

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (*within*). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good
evening to you,
My worthy masters.
Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?
Chispa (*to* PRECIOSA). Good news from Court;
good news! Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.
Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!
Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.
Vict. Where is the gentleman?
Chispa. As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I 'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!
Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking
dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
And I am now the beggar.
Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I have still
A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two to take.
I 've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That 's nuts to crack.
I 've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
And probably they 'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. — *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'T is the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
  But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
  And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward, caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!

Line 23. Worn with speed is my caballo,

Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter* PRECIOSA, *on horseback, attended by* VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, *and* CHISPA, *on foot and armed.*)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!
Prec. Most beautiful indeed!
Hyp. Most wonderful!
Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!
Prec. And which way lies Segovia?
Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?
Prec. No. I do not see it.
Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge,
There, yonder!
Hyp. 'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. Oh, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. Oh yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!
(*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! Oh, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(*They descend the pass.* CHISPA *remains behind.*)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on

foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*

(*A pause. Then enter* BARTOLOMÉ *wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

Bart. They passed this way. I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled! — I have missed her! — O my God!

(*The shot is returned.* BARTOLOMÉ *falls.*)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems was published December 23, 1845, but the greater part of the volume had already appeared in the illustrated edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems published earlier in the year in Philadelphia, as well as in the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, which at this time was the most frequent vehicle of his writing.

The poem which gives the title to the volume was the product of his excursion in Europe in the summer of 1842. While on his way to the water-cure at Marienberg on the Rhine, he spent a few days in Belgium, and here is the entry which he makes in his diary: —

May 30. In the evening took the railway from Ghent to Bruges. Stopped at *La Fleur de Blé*, attracted by the name, and found it a good hotel. It was not yet night; and I strolled through the fine old streets and felt myself a hundred years old. The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly; and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . Oh, those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear, liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar!

May 31. Rose before five and climbed the high belfry which was once crowned by the gilded copper dragon now at Ghent. The carillon of forty-eight bells; the little chamber in the tower; the machinery, like a huge barrel-organ, with keys like a musical instrument for the *carilloneur;* the view from the tower; the singing of swallows with the chimes; the fresh morning air; the mist in the horizon; the red roofs far below; the canal, like a silver clasp, linking the city with the sea, — how much to remember!

The poem was probably begun here at this time and finished when, a little later, Mr. Longfellow passed through the place again on his return home by way of England. From some expressions in a letter to Freiligrath it would seem that this poem and *Nuremberg* formed part of a plan which the poet had formed of a series of travel-sketches in verse, a plan which in a desultory way he may be said to have been executing all his days and to have carried out systematically in another shape in his collection of *Poems of Places*. *The Belfry of Bruges* itself appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for January, 1843.

The contents of this division are the same as in the volume so entitled, except that a group of six translations has been withheld, to be placed with the other translated pieces in the eighth volume; except also that to the Sonnets is added the personal one entitled *Mezzo Cammin*, written at this time and first printed in the *Life*.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
    Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,

As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight

To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it
watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast
the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those
days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who
bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal
pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk
and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke
slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the
Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White
Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land
with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the toc-
sin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and
dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in
the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before
I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illumined square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

The scene of this poem is mentioned in the poet's diary, under date of August 31, 1846. In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. through Brookline, by the church and 'the green lane,' and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls."

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,

Through which I walked to church with thee,
  O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees
  Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
  A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
  And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
  Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
  Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
  Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
  On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
  Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
  By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind
  Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
  That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
  Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
  And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
  Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
  And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
  Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
  With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
  Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
  A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
  As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
  Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

On his wedding journey in the summer of 1843, Mr. Longfellow passed through Springfield, Massachusetts, and visited the United States arsenal there, in company with Mr. Charles Sumner. "While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring," says Mr. S. Longfellow, "to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels

which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged H. to write a peace poem.'" The poem was written some months later and published in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1844. Mr. Longfellow in writing of it to Mr. Sumner notes: "On the back of my peace poem is a paper called *The Battle-Grounds of America*. This is the reverse of the medal."

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
  Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
  Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
  When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
  Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
  The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
  In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
  Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
    song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
  O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
  Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
  Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's
    skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
  The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
  The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
  The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
  The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
  With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
  And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
  And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
  Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
  The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
  I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
  The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
  The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

In a letter to Freiligrath, written in the spring of 1844, Mr. Longfellow says: "Here I send you a poem on Nuremberg. . . . I trust I have not mistranslated *wie ein Taub Jermas*. It certainly stands for *eine Taube* or *ein Tauber*, and is *dove* and not *deaf*, though old Hans Sachs was deaf. But that Puschman describes afterwards when he says: —

> Dann sein Red und
> Gehör begunnt
> Ihm absugehn, etc.

Therefore *dove-like* it is and shall be, for F. says, 'I would have it so at any rate!' and at any rate I will." In an earlier letter to Freiligrath, printed in the *Life*, I. 417, Mr. Longfellow describes with enthusiasm a day at Nuremberg, from the memory of which this poem sprang.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad
  meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg,
  the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town
  of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks
  that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors,
  rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying,
  centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their merrie rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the
flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the
loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the
gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios
sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely
sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above
the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great
beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown
his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's
antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my
dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a
faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee
the world's regard;

Line 12. Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs
thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far
away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in
thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a flow-
eret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of
toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

The following passage from Thierry was sent to Mr. Longfellow by an unknown correspondent, who suggested it as a theme for a poem.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image. — THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

Published in *Graham's Magazine*, August, 1845.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise

And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops

Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told, —
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,

Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

TO A CHILD.

This poem was begun October 2, 1845, and on the 13th of the next month Mr. Longfellow noted in his diary: "Walked in the garden and tried to finish the *Ode to a Child;* but could not find the exact expressions I wanted, to round and complete the whole." After the publication of the volume containing it, he wrote: "The poem *To a Child* and *The Old Clock on the Stairs* seem to be the favorites. This is the best answer to my assailants." Possibly the charge was made then as frequently afterward that his poetry was an echo of foreign scenes. It is at any rate noticeable that in this poem he first strongly expressed that domestic sentiment which was to be so conspicuous in his after work. It will be remembered that he was married to Miss Appleton in July, 1843, and his second child was born at the time when he was writing this ode. Five years later he made the following entry in his diary: "Some years ago, writing an *Ode to a Child*, I spoke of

The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

What was my astonishment to-day, in reading for the first time in my life Wordsworth's beautiful ode *On the Power of Sound*, to read

All treasures hoarded by the miser Time."

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,

Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosí's o'erhanging pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,

Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness

No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.
Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;
And see at every turn how they efface
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.

Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with repose!
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'erhanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
And shining with the argent light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,

Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil, —
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,

Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power, —
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;

For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

"October 9, 1845. Made a dash at *The Occultation of Orion*, which I think will turn out good. I have had several poetic mornings of late; and hope soon to have my volume ready.

"October 11. Bad day for work. No glow or enthusiasm. Tried *Orion*, but with small success. Hoped to have finished it, but gave up in despair.

"October 14. Finished *The Occultation of Orion*, and read it to F. and E. before the ink was dry. The concluding lines, however, dropped into my brain in the evening, as I was coming down from my dressing-room." Elsewhere, Mr. Longfellow says: "Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose." Published in *Graham*, November, 1845.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And Day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of Night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,

Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,

Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reëchoed down the burning chords, —
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BRIDGE.

Finished October 9, 1845, and at first localized as *The Bridge over the Charles*, the river which separates Cambridge from Boston.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
  In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
  And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
  Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
  Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
  The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
  Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
  Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
  The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,
  I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
  O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
  Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
  Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
  Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
  And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
  And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
  And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

"October 17, 1845. Retouched *The Bridge* and the lines *To the Driving Cloud* in hexameters, — better than the translation from *Tegnér*" — *The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty
  Omahas;
Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name
  thou hast taken!
Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk
  through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin
  of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us
  only their footprints.
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race
  but the footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod
  the green turf of the prairies?
How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed
  the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of
the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the
Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread
of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts
the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies,
the camp-fires
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in
the gray of the daybreak
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's
dexterous horse-race;
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell
the Camanches!
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts,
like the blast of the east-wind,
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of
thy wigwams!

SONGS

THE DAY IS DONE.

Written in the fall of 1844 as prosm to *The Waif*, a small volume of poems selected by Mr. Longfellow and published at Christmas of that year.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

Published in *Graham's Magazine*, September, 1845.

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
  The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
  That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
  The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
  A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
  To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
  Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK.

"October 6, 1845. F.'s birthday. I ought to have written a poem for the occasion. Instead of doing so, I wrote the song without rhyme, *To an Old Danish Song Book.*

"October 7. Retouched and finished the song of yesterday. What is said of the Scald refers, of course, only to some of the melodies, which may possibly be as old as the days of Hakon Jarl, or older. Hamlet and Yorick are only symbolical of any old king and his jester."

A couple of years later, Mr. Longfellow was reading Andersen's *Story of my Life*, and he notes: "Autumn always brings back very freshly my autumnal sojourn in Copenhagen, delightfully mingled with bracing air and yellow falling leaves. I have tried to record the impression in the song *To an Old Danish Song Book.*"

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering song shall nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,

On the pavement, on the tombstone,
  On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
  On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
  Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
  Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
  Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
  Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
  For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
  From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
  Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
  Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
  For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
  On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
  Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
  By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
  And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

Come, old friend! sit down and listen!
  From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
  In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
  Led by his inebriate Satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken,
  Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
  Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
  And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
  Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
  Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
  Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
  Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
  Much this mystic throng expresses:
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
  And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
  Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
  Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
  Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, —
  Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
  And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
  Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
  Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
  In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
  Wreathed about with classic fables;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
  Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
  As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
  In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

The house commemorated in the poem is the Gold house, now known as the Plunkett mansion, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the homestead of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather, whither Mr. Longfellow went after his marriage in the summer of 1843. The poem was not written, however, till November, 1845, when, under date of the 12th of the month, he wrote in his diary: "Began a poem on a clock, with the words 'Forever, never,' as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, *C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, —Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est-il?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Éternité.'*"

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

"October 16, 1845. Before church, wrote *The Arrow and the Song*, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrow's speed. Literally an improvisation."

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS

MEZZO CAMMIN.

Written at Boppard on the Rhine, August 25, 1842, just before leaving for home.

HALF of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
  Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
  But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
  Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past
  Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —
  A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights, —
  And hear above me on the autumnal blast
  The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

THE EVENING STAR.

"October 30, 1845. The Indian summer still in its glory. Wrote the sonnet *Hesperus* in the rustic seat of the old apple-tree." This sonnet, addressed to his wife, and afterward given its present title, "is noticeable," says his biographer, "as being the only love-poem among Mr. Longfellow's verses."

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
  Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
  Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
  The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
  Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
  Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
  With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
  My morning and my evening star of love!
  My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
  Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
  And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

Written November 11, 1845.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
  By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
  As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
  And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
  Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!"

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
  Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
  Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
  And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
  And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
  And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, —
  All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
  No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
  Reign over all!

II.

The book is completed,
  And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
  Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
  Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
  They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
  The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
  The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
  The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
  Reign over all.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

AFTER the publication of *Evangeline*, there was a period when Mr. Longfellow's mood was not a poetic one. He pleased himself with writing the tale of *Kavanagh*, but there are frequent laments in his diary at his unproductiveness; that the golden days of October, usually so fruitful in verse, faded away and left no lines written; that his growing fame brought him numberless interruptions, and that the routine of his college work was becoming intolerable. Now and then a poem came to him, and he even made headway with a dramatic romance of the age of Louis XIV., but abandoned the work finally. It was two years after finishing *Evangeline* before he had accumulated sufficient material to warrant him in planning a new volume of poems. He wrote in his diary April 30, 1849: —

The last day of April; and such an April, and such a last day! Cold as Greenland, with an east wind that ploughs and harrows one through and through, and sows coughs and catarrhs and rheumatisms among much suffering mortals. Put into the printer's hands the first part of *By the Fireside and By the Seaside*, a volume of poems for the next autumn. I have learned that types, as well as time, must be taken by the forelock.

From this it is probable that in the absence of any long poem he purposed collecting his recent verse into two general divisions and placing at the front of the volume the group containing the larger number of poems, for he had then only half a dozen or so which bore special relation to the sea. Four days later he mourned again over his dulness. "No new thing to start the stagnant current. Oh for 'some great idea to refresh me'! I am pondering on a continuation of *Hyperion*." But in a few weeks he seems to have conceived the plan of *The Building of the Ship*, which he began June 18, 1849. Work upon it, however, was interrupted by the illness and death of his father, which took him to Portland and detained him there, but not unlikely his stay in the city by the sea gave him opportunity for brooding over the poem. It may be added that besides his early association with the seaboard, his summers were now spent at Nahant. "I prefer the sea-side to the country," he once said; "the idea of liberty is stronger there." At any rate, in September he was again engaged upon the poem, and on the 20th noted: "*The Building of the Ship* goes on. It will be rather long. Will it be good?" On the 22d he finished the poem, and in the latter part of November *The Seaside and the Fireside* was published, with *The Building of the Ship* as the leading piece.

The form of the poem was clearly suggested by Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, which has more than once served as a model to poets. Schiller may be said to have introduced a new artistic form, and Mr. Longfellow, in adopting the general scheme,

showed his apprehension of its capacity by the skill with which he moved from one passage to another, using the short lines to express the quicker, more sudden, or hurried action, the longer to indicate lingering, moderate action or reflection. The oratorical character of the poem, so to speak, has always caught the ear, and it is interesting to read in the poet's diary shortly after the publication of the book, this entry: —

February 12, 1850. In the evening Mrs. Kemble read before the Mercantile Library Association, to an audience of more than three thousand, portions of *As You Like It*; then *The Building of the Ship*, standing out upon the platform, book in hand, trembling, palpitating and weeping, and giving every word its true weight and emphasis. She prefaced the recital by a few words, to this effect; that when she first saw the poem, she desired to read it before a Boston audience; and she hoped she would be able to make every word audible to that great multitude.

By this graceful action Mrs. Kemble may well have thrown into concrete form the lines with which Mr. Longfellow closed the sonnet commemorating her readings,

> O happy Poet! . . .
> How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
> To be interpreted by such a voice!

But it is to be suspected that the vast multitude was stirred to its depths not so much by the artistic completeness of the rendition, as by the impassioned burst with which the poem closes, and which fell upon no listless ears in the deep agitation of the eventful year 1850. Mr. Noah Brooks in

his paper on *Lincoln's Imagination* (*Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1879) mentions that he found the President one day attracted by these stanzas, quoted in a political speech. "Knowing the whole poem," he adds, "as one of my early exercises in recitation, I began, at his request, with the description of the launch of the ship, and repeated it to the end. As he listened to the last lines, his eyes filled with tears, and his cheeks were wet. He did not speak for some minutes, but finally said, with simplicity: 'It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that.'" Dr. William Everett, in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, after the death of Mr. Longfellow, called attention to the striking contrast in these spirited, hopeful lines to Horace's timid, tremulous *O navis*.

In his diary, under date of March 23, 1850, Mr. Longfellow writes: "Cast lead flat-irons for the children, to their great delight. C. in great and joyous excitement, which he showed by the most voluble speech. E. showed his only in his eyes, and looked on in silence. The casting was to them as grand as the casting of a bell to grown-up children. Why not write for them a *Song of the Lead Flat-Iron?*"

The foot-note readings are those of the first edition of *The Seaside and the Fireside*.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
  Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
  Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!
  I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
  His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
  Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
  By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
  Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
  Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
  Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —
  One touch of fire, — and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among
  Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
  Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
  With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
  But live forever young in my remembrance!

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!
  Your gentle voices will flow on forever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
  As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
  Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
  With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
  Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
  The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
  At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
  Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

BY THE SEASIDE

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought

To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"
It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!
Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;

Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There 's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.
Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again; —

The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he

Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,

And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,

Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men: —

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,

But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.

There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.

He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he: —

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach

Line 14. Seems at its outer rim to rise

The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

SEAWEED.

Originally published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1845, and then in the collection *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, but transferred by Mr. Longfellow to this division in his latest collective edition.

When descends on the Atlantic
    The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
    The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
    Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
    Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
    The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
    Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
    On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
    Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
    Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
    In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
    Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
    Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
    That forever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
    Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
    On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
    They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

CHRYSAOR.

In the first edition of *The Seaside and the Fireside* this poem bore the title of *The Evening Star*.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
  As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
  Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
  Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
  Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
  Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
  Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
  Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
  That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me
  As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
  All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
  Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
  And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
  Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
  And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
  Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
  Flow its unrhymed lyric lines; —

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
  With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
  Steering onward to the land; —

How he heard the ancient helmsman
  Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
  Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
  And he cried, with impulse strong, —
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
  Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou," — so the helmsman answered,
  "Learn the secret of the sea?

Line 16. Onward steering to the land; —

Only those who brave its dangers
  Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
  In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
  Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
  For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
  Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
  The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
  Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
  There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
  Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
  As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
  To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
  Is passing to and fro,

Now rising to the ceiling,
  Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
  Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother
  Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

In December, 1839, when Mr. Longfellow read of the storm and wrecks near Norman's Woe, he thought not only of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, but also of *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*. It does not appear just when he wrote the poem, but he notes in his diary, May 16, 1848: "Copy, for Graham, *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*."

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
  Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
  And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
  Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run.

Line 16. Glistened in the sun.

His sails of white sea-mist
  Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
  The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
  He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
  Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
  The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
  Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
  Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
  At midnight black and cold!

As of a rock was the shock;
  Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
  They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
  Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
  They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
  Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Finished November 7, 1849.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
  And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
  A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
  Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
  In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
  Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
  With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Line 5. With mist and rain, to the Spanish main;

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
  And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
  Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
  Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
  The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
  Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
  They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
  Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
  Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
  On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
  He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
  Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
  Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
  The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
  And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
  Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
  Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
  Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
  Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
  Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
  But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
  And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
  Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

"September 29, 1846. A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereux Farm by the sea-side. Drove across the beautiful sand. What a delicious scene! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and the deeper green, to a rich purple in the horizon. We recalled the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An

old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms, and narrow windows rattling in the sea-breeze." From this visit sprang the poem that follows. In a letter in 1879 to a correspondent who had raised a matter-of-fact objection, Mr. Longfellow readily admitted that the harbor and light-house, which he visited the same day, could not be seen from the windows of the farm-house.

We sat within the farm-house old,
  Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold,
  An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
  The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
  The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
  Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
  Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
  Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
  And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
  When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
  And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
  That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
  Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
  Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
  A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
  As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
  The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
  We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
  And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
  The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
  All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
  Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
  That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
  They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
  The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE

RESIGNATION.

Written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of his little daughter Fanny. There is a passage in the poet's diary, under date of November 12th, in which he says: "I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
  Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
  Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
  Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
  Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
  May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
  This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
  But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
  And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
  By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
  Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

Finished May 9, 1846.

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
  Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
  Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
  Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
  Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
  Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
  For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
  Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
  Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
  Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
  Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
  With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
  Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
  To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
  And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
  Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
  The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread,
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower

Line 18. Pacing the Red Sea beach,

Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
    It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand; —
    Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
    Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
    This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
    A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
    Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
    Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
    Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
    The half-hour's sand is run!

THE OPEN WINDOW.

Published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1849. The old house by the lindens is what is known as the Lechmere house on Brattle Street, corner of Sparks Street, in Cambridge. It has been altered since the poem was written, but belongs to a group of houses, of which Mr. Longfellow's was one and Mr. Lowell's another, standing on what was sometimes called Tory Row, since these houses, built before the war for independence, were the spacious homes of rich merchants who held by the king. There is a picture of the Lechmere house from a pencil-sketch by Mr. Longfellow in Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, I.

557. It was in this house that Baron Riedesel was quartered as prisoner of war after the surrender of Burgoyne, and the window-pane is shown on which the Baroness wrote her name with a diamond.

THE old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
  They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
  Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
  Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
  They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
  Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
  With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
  Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
  He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
  I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

"September 30, 1848. Worked upon *Kavanagh* all the morning; and wound up with *King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn* which I painted with a sweep of the pencil just before dinner." In another entry in the journal is the source from which the legend was derived: "Here is the part of King Witlaf's charter to the Abbey of Croyland relating to his drinking-horn, cited in Maitland's *Dark Ages*: 'I also offer to the refectory . . . the horn of my table, that the elders of the monastery may drink out of it on the festivals of the saints; and may sometimes, amid their benedictions, remember the soul of the donor, Wichtlaf.'" The text is found in Ingulph's *Chronicle of Croyland* in Bohn's *Antiquarian Library*.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
  Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
  His drinking-horn bequeathed, —

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
  And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
  And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
  And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
  Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
  They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
  Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
  Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
  They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
  Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
  And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
  From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
  Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
  And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
  But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
  He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
  Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
  The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
  We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA.

Written January 30, 1849. It appears to have been suggested by a passage in Sterling's *Spanish Painters*, which Mr. Longfellow was reading at the time with great pleasure. He had some thought of writing a drama based on Sterling's account of Murillo's life in Seville.

By his evening fire the artist
  Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
  Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
  That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
  Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
  Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
  At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
  Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
  Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
  From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!" —
  And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers
  Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
  And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
  Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
  Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

"October 21, 1846. I am anxious to get out *The Estray*, as a companion to *The Waif*, and cannot get to the level of writing the introductory poem, for which I have the idea in my mind, namely, *Pegasus in Pound*. For years I have not had so unpoetic an autumn, which grieves me sore. I always rely upon the autumn, and chiefly on October. Last year how many poems I wrote; and this year, as yet, not one!"

"November 9. Work in college all day. Voted for Palfrey, in the rain. In the evening, Faculty-meeting. After which I sat by the fire in my deep chair and wrote [with pencil] the greater part of *Pegasus in Pound*, — a proem to the collection to be entitled *The Estray*."

The Estray was published in 1847. When making up *The Seaside and the Fireside*, Mr. Longfellow included this poem.

Once into a quiet village,
  Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
  Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
  Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
  Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
  From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'T was the daily call to labor,
  Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
  In its gleaming vapor veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odors
  That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
  By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
  Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
  Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
  There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
  Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
  Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
  Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
  Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
  Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
  Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
  Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,
  Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
  Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
  To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
  Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
  And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
  Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
  From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
  Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
  While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

"October 14, 1847. Went to town, after finishing a poem on Tegnér's death, in the spirit of the old Norse poetry." In the first edition, the poem bore the title *Tegnér's Death*. The word *drapa* signifies death-song, or dirge.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
" Balder the Beautiful

Line 16. From the hoof-prints in the sod.

Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and stones;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe!

Hœder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud,
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,

Line 16. Till like the moon it seemed,

Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!
The law of love prevails!
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls!
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood!

SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

In the winter of 1849 Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was reading Shakespeare in Boston, and Mr. Longfellow was a constant attendant. He notes in his diary under date of February 20: "We did not go last night to hear *Othello*. I wrote this morning a sonnet on Mrs. Butler's readings." A week later the poet entertained Mrs. Butler after a reading in Cambridge, and read his sonnet at the close of the supper.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped!
  Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
  Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
  And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
  Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages

Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy Reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy Poet! by no critic vext!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!

THE SINGERS.

"November 6, 1849. Wrote *The Singers* to show the excellence of different kinds of song." No individual poets were intended.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
  Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
  Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
  Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
  And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
  Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
  And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

The brother was the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's biographer. In his diary, February 8, 1848, Mr. Longfellow wrote: "S. returned from Portland. Read to him the chant I wrote for his ordination, — a midnight thought. He likes it, and will have it sung."

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;
  If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
  And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
  Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
  Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
  The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
  "Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
  To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
  Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
  Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
  And thus to journey on!

APPENDIX

I. JUVENILE POEMS.

When Mr. Longfellow made his first collection of poems in *Voices of the Night*, he included a group of *Earlier Poems*, but printed only seven out of a number which bore his initials or are directly traceable to him. He chose these, doubtless, not as specimens of his youthful work, but because of all that he had written ten years or more before, they only appeared to him to have poetic qualities which he could regard with any complacency. It is not likely that any readers will be found to contravene his judgment in the omission of the other verses, but since this edition is intended for the student as well as for the general reader, it has been thought best to print here those poetical exercises which curious investigators have recovered from the obscurity in which Mr. Longfellow was entirely willing to leave them. They are printed in as nearly chronological order as may be.

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Mr. Longfellow's first verses, so far as known, printed in the Portland *Gazette*, November 17, 1820.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

TO IANTHE.

Written during his third year at Bowdoin College, and printed in the *Portland Advertiser*, August 28, 1824.

When upon the western cloud
  Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud
  And the twilight closes, —
As I mark the moss-grown spring
  By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
  Love's own melancholy.

Lo, the crescent moon on high
  Lights the half-choked fountain;
Wandering winds steal sadly by
  From the hazy mountain.
Yet that moon shall wax and wane,
  Summer winds pass over, —
Ne'er the heart shall love again
  Of the slighted lover!

When the russet autumn brings
  Blighting to the forest,
Twisted close the ivy clings
  To the oak that 's hoarest;
So the love of other days
  Cheers the broken-hearted;
But if once our love decays
  'T is for aye departed.

When the hoar-frost nips the leaf
  Pale and sear it lingers,
Wasted in its beauty brief
  By decay's cold fingers;
Yet unchanged it ne'er again
  Shall its bloom recover; —
Thus the heart shall aye remain
  Of the slighted lover.

Love is like the songs we hear
  O'er the moonlit ocean;
Youth, the spring-time of a year
  Passed in Love's devotion!
Roses of their bloom bereft
  Breathe a fragrance sweeter;
Beauty has no fragrance left
  Though its bloom is fleeter.

Then when tranquil evening throws
  Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows, —
  Think on those that love thee!
For an interval of years
  We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
  Shall be parted never.

THANKSGIVING.

The United States Literary Gazette, November 15, 1824.

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,
To Him, that with bright inspiration touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature breathed:
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall, what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting; when the Summer smiled;
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there; a nameless spirit
Moved in the breasts of men to do him homage;
And when the morning smiled, or evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,
They came beneath the broad, o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty;
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
The bright and widely wandering rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots

That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed brink,
And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace:
And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,
Became religion; for the ethereal spirit
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows everything to beauty, moved
With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there, for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together;
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky;
Dayspring and eventide; and all the fair
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tides
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the spirit
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave
Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,
And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have *our* hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?
Have our mute lips no hymn, our souls no song?
Let him that in the summer-day of youth
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
And him that in the nightfall of his years
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His dim, pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

The same, December 1, 1824.

Round Autumn's mouldering urn
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,
And stars in beauty burn.

'T is the year's eventide.
The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long;
And for the fairy-land of song,
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow;
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free:
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice
Echoes the sound of precious things;
Of early feeling's tuneful springs
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful days, —
But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

The same, December 15, 1824.

Night rests in beauty on Mont Alto.
Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down
Upon the beauty of that silent river.

Still in the west a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale
Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky,
While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year
Smiles calmly. Music steals at intervals
Across the water, with a tremulous swell,
From out the upland dingle of tall firs;
And a faint footfall sounds, where, dim and dark,
Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there
The lover's gondola drops down the stream,
Silent, save when its dipping oar is heard,
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.
Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,
In motionless beauty stands the giant oak;
Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,
Whose secret springs the starlight pale discloses,
Gushes in hollow music; and beyond
The broader river sweeps its silent way,
Mingling a silver current with that sea,
Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.
On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits; and, where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep. The winds that came
O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,
And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank,
And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea
Heaved its long billows, with a cheerless song
Have passed away to the cold earth again,
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently
Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,
Full and unveiled, the moon's broad disk emerges.
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,
The silver light is spreading. Far above,
Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,
The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,
Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard
The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,
And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause.
The spirit of those solitudes — the soul
That dwells within these steep and difficult places —
Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,
And brings unutterable musings. Earth
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet;
Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep
Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.

My spirit looks on earth. A heavenly voice
Comes silently: "Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?
Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom,
Which has sustained thy being, and within
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs
Of thine own dissolution! E'en the air,
That fans the clear blue sky, and gives thee strength,
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,
And the wide waste of forest, where the osier
Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence,
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things:
This world is not thy home!" And yet my eye
Rests upon earth again. How beautiful,
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow
Arches the perilous river! A soft light
Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze
That rests upon their summits mellows down
The austerer features of their beauty. Faint
And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills;
And, listening to the sea's monotonous shell,
High on the cliffs of Terracina stands
The castle of the royal Goth[1] in ruins.

But night is in her wane: day's early flush
Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn
With cheerful lustre lights the royal city,
Where, with its proud tiara of dark towers,
It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

The same, January 1, 1825.

Most beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost
To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye
That watched her being; the maternal care
That kept and nourished her; and the calm light
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests
On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding waters.
Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,
Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose
That bloomed upon her cheek: but one chill frost
Came in that early autumn, when ripe thought
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it;
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,
And drooped — and drooped, and shed its many leaves.

[1] Theodoric.

'T is said that some have died of love; and some,
That once from beauty's high romance had caught
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares,
Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot;
And others have gone mad, — and she was one!
Her lover died at sea; and they had felt
A coldness for each other when they parted,
But love returned again: and to her ear
Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover
Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.
I saw her in her native vale, when high
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river
Mounted on cheerful pinion; and she sat
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,
And marking how they sunk; and oft she sighed
For him that perished thus in the vast deep.
She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought
From the far-distant ocean; and she pressed
Its smooth, cold lips unto her ear, and thought
It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea;
And sad, she cried, "The tides are out! — and now
I see his corse upon the stormy beach!"
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped shells,
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung;
And close beside her lay a delicate fan,
Made of the halcyon's blue wing; and, when
She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean, — for it gave
Mournful, yet pleasant, memory. Once I marked,
When through the mountain hollows and green woods,
That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind
Came with a voice as of the restless deep,
She raised her head, and on her pale, cold cheek
A beauty of diviner seeming came;
And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if
She welcomed a long-absent friend, — and then
Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.
I turned away: a multitude of thoughts,
Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind;
And as I left that lost and ruined one, —
A living monument that still on earth
There is warm love and deep sincerity, —
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace
Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.
And then she pointed where, alone and high,
One little cloud sailed onward, like a lost
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths;
And, when it sunk away, she turned again
With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months — yet not a whisper
Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then
She sat no longer by her favorite fountain:
She was at rest forever.

THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

The same, January 15, 1825.

Here rest the weary oar! — soft airs
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;
And Night — sweet Night — serenely wears
A smile of peace: her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move over sea-shells and bright sands,
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,
Love's midnight hour draws lingering near;
And list! — his tuneful viol strings
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep,
On earth, and her embosomed lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep,
From the thin aloud fair moonlight breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies
On the calm bosom of the sea;
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs
Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
In tender charity for those,
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,
Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,
Relieved against the deep blue sky.
Haste! — dip the oar again — 't is time
To seek Genevra's balcony.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Inserted in a number of *The Lay Monastery* (a short series of essays contributed by Mr. Longfellow to *The United States Literary Gazette*), March 15, 1825.

From the river's plashy bank,
Where the sedge grows green and rank,
And the twisted woodbine springs,

Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud — and hark !
  On his way the woodman sings.

On the dim and misty lakes
Gloriously the morning breaks,
  And the eagle 's on his cloud : —
Whilst the wind, with sighing, woos
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,
  And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds,
  In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Through its shallows and still deeps, —
  Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high
Underneath the oak I lie
  As it shades the water's edge,
And I mark my line, away
In the wheeling eddy, play,
  Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
  And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —
Woods and streams, — I leave you then,
While the shadow in the glen
  Lengthens by the greenwood tree.

LOVER'S ROCK.

Published in the *Portland Advertiser*, June 10, 1825.

They showed us near the outlet of Sebago, the Lover's Rock, from which an Indian maid threw herself down into the lake, when the guests were coming together to the marriage festival of her false-hearted lover. — *Leaf from a Traveller's Journal.*

There is a love that cannot die ! —
  And some their doom have met
Heart-broken — and gone as stars go by,
  That rise, and burn, and set.
Their days were in Spring's fallen leaf —
Tender — and young — and bright — and brief.

There is a love that cannot die ! —
  Aye — it survives the grave ;
When life goes out with many a sigh,
  And earth takes what it gave,

Its light is on the home of those
That heed not when the cold wind blows.

With us there are sad records left
  Of life's declining day:
How true hearts here were broken and cleft,
  And how they passed away.
And yon dark rock, that swells above
Its blue lake — has a tale of love.

'T is of an Indian maid, whose fate
  Was saddened by the burst
Of passion, that made desolate
  The heart it filled at first.
Her lover was false-hearted, — yet
Her love she never could forget.

It was a summer-day, and bright
  The sun was going down:
The wave lay blushing in rich light
  Beneath the dark rock's frown,
And under the green maple's shade
Her lover's bridal feast was made.

She stood upon the rocky steep,
  Grief had her heart unstrung,
And far across the lake's blue sweep
  Was heard the dirge she sung.
It ceased — and in the deep cold wave,
The Indian Girl has made her grave.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

The United States Literary Gazette, March 15, 1825.

By yon still river, where the wave
  Is winding slow at evening's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
  Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
  Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,
  Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
  And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air
  Is full of balm — but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,
  And leave the hopes she cherished long:
She loved but one — and would not hide
  A love which knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on — and years:
  And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died — and many tears
  Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
  With bitter weeping by her tomb:
And others mourned for him, who felt
  That he had sealed a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
  And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell — lost maiden! — there is one
  That mourns thee yet — and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

The same, same date.

As the dim twilight shrouds
  The mountain's purple crest,
And Summer's white and folded clouds
  Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
  And sighing comes the breeze:
The silent river sweeps along
  Amid its bending trees —
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
  The tinkling cymbals sound;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
  I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arched above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
  My young heart long ago!
But he has left me — though I thought
  He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lovers' vows — how frail are they!
And his — were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
  In tears upon him yet;
'T were better ne'er to love at all,
  Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see — he leaves the glade,
  And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!
  I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

The same, May 15, 1825.

When the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the tree's withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn —
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white —
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore, —
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

ODE WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG, MAINE, OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT,

And printed in the *Gazette of Maine*, May 24, 1825.

Air — Bruce's Address.

I.

Many a day and wasted year
Bright has left its footsteps here,
Since was broken the warrior's spear,
And our fathers bled.
Still the tall trees, arching, shake
Where the fleet deer by the lake,
As he dash'd through birch and brake,
From the hunter fled.

II.

In these ancient woods so bright,
That are full of life and light,
Many a dark, mysterious rite
The stern warriors kept.
But their altars are bereft,
Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,
And a holier faith is left
Where their fathers slept.

III.

From their ancient sepulchres,
Where amid the giant firs,
Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,
Have the red men gone.
Tow'rd the setting sun that makes
Bright our western hills and lakes,
Faint and few, the remnant takes
Its sad journey on.

IV.

Where the Indian hamlet stood,
In the interminable wood,
Battle broke the solitude,
And the war-cry rose;
Sudden came the straggling shot
Where the sun looked on the spot
That the trace of war would blot
Ere the day's faint close.

V.

Low the smoke of battle hung;
Heavy down the lake it swung,
Till the death wail loud was sung
When the night shades fell;
And the green pine, waving dark,
Held within its shattered bark
Many a lasting scathe and mark,
That a tale could tell.

VI.

And the story of that day
Shall not pass from earth away,
Nor the blighting of decay
Waste our liberty;
But within the river's sweep
Long in peace our vale shall sleep
And free hearts the record keep
Of this jubilee.

JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills. H. W. L.

The United States Literary Gazette, August 11, 1815.

They made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen —
The strong wail of a thousand men —
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,

When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
  Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where — when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
  And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'T was where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain-height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash —
None saw the fallen warrior dash
  Down the bare rock so high and white!
But he that drooped not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion passed away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left —
  Deep marks and footprints in the clay!
And they have laid this feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER.

The same, August 15, 1825. This with thirteen other poems was included in a volume published in 1826, entitled *Miscellaneous Poems selected from The United States Literary Gazette.*

My way is on the bright blue sea,
  My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
  Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
  When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
  My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
  The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
  O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
  And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
  The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
  I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
  Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,
  A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down, without a signal-gun,
  And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart —
  The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
  The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
  Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace — that their relics there were laid
  With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS.

The same, November 15, 1825.

I sat by my window one night,
  And watched how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
  To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
  With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
  In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
  And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
  And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
  Its crimson scarf unrolled,
And the trees like a splendid army stood
  In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
  As their crests to the night wind bowed,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
  Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast
  The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber passed
  And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned
  With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out — and I turned
  Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
  Yes — the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
  To the lamp that burns brightly within.

SONG.

The same, April 1, 1826.

Where, from the eye of day,
  The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
  O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
  From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
  And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
  From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
  From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil
  The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
  Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

Published in *The Atlantic Souvenir*, 1827.

With what a hollow dirge, its voice did fill
The vast and empty hollow of the night! —
It had perched itself upon a tall old tree,
That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves
Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness
Of those that love hath crased. Clearly it ran
Through all the delicate compass of its voice: —
And then again, as from a distant hollow,

I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,
And coming, like the memory of a friend
From a far distant country — or the silent land
Of the mourned and the dead, to which we all are passing;
It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies! —
Of one that has loved much yet never known
The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green woods
Were all alive with birds — with what a clear
And ravishing sweetness sung the plaintive thrush;
I love to hear its delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills; — for aye the sweeter
Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus,
When the bright fountains of a woman's love
Are gently running over, if a cloud
But darken, with its melancholy shadow,
The bright flowers round our way, her heart
Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls
With more delicious music on our ears.

II. NOTES TO THE POEMS IN THIS VOLUME.

Page 17. *And bishop's-caps have golden rings.*

[The bishop's cap is the *mitella*, a New England wild flower, named from its resemblance to a mitre.]

Page 19. *Look, then, into thine heart and write.*

"Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write." *Astrophel and Stella*, by Sir Philip Sidney.]

Page 22. *The Reaper and the Flowers.*

[The first line is from an old German Catholic hymn,

Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod,

which may be found in Clemens Brentano's *Wunderhorn*, I. 55. There is a slight resemblance in the fifth stanza to the last of the German, —

Werd ich nur verletzet
So war ich versetzet
In den himmlischen Garten
Auf den alle wir warten.

Further than this there is no resemblance between the two poems.]

Page 25. *Footsteps of Angels.*

[The first form of this poem under another title is as follows. See further the head-note to the poem.]

EVENING SHADOWS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
  And the soul-like voice of night
Wakes the better soul that slumbered
  To a holy calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like spectres grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlor wall, —

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted
  Come to sit with me once more.

And with them the being beauteous
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes she, like a shape divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
  With her deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like
  Looking downward from the skies.

Page 27. *Spake full well, in language quaint and olden.*

[The reference in the first stanza is to Carové, who, in the *Story without an End*, speaks of "Flowerets, that like blue stars gleam friendly in the green firmament of the earth."]

Page 29. *Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.*

[The Floral Games of the Middle Ages, wherein a Golden Violet was the prize awarded to the victor in the "gay science" of Song.]

Page 30. *The wind Euroclydon.*

["Have you seen the last *Knickerbocker?*" Mr. Longfellow asks in a letter to his father, December 5, 1839. "They

are raising a slight breeze in it against the 'wind Euroclydon.' But I am right notwithstanding. It means a storm-wind — or a north-easter, coming over the sea; and is no more confined to the Mediterranean than rude Boreas. Look into Robinson's Lexicon, and you will find the whole explained." The November number of the *Knickerbocker* contained an objection by a correspondent to Mr. Longfellow's use of the term Euroclydon. "What in the name of Boreas does it on the coast of Labrador! . . . the Euroclydon is a bilious Nor'Easter, and bloweth only in the Mediterranean." In the December number of the same magazine, a Southern correspondent comes to the defence, and quotes Robinson, *sub voce*.]

Page 39. *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.*

[The historic facts in regard to the banner appear to be that Pulaski ordered it of the Moravian sisters at Bethlehem, who helped to support their house by needlework. This banner is preserved in the cabinet of the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore; it is twenty inches square and made to be carried on a lance. It is of double silk, now so much faded and discolored by time as to make it impossible to determine its original color. On both sides designs are embroidered with what was yellow silk, shaded with green, and deep silk fringe bordering. On one side are the letters "U. S.," and in a circle around them the words, "*Unitas Virtus Fortior*"; on the other side, in the centre, is embroidered an all-seeing eye and the words "*Non Alius Regit.*" Pulaski received a mortal wound at the siege of Savannah, and dying on one of the vessels of the fleet when he was on his way north, was buried at sea. It is said that Lafayette lay sick at Bethlehem, and that it was on a visit to his brother officer that Pulaski ordered the flag. Its size, in any event, would have precluded its use as a shroud.]

Page 55. *The Skeleton in Armor.*

[The historic groundwork upon which Mr. Longfellow built his legend is in two parts, the Newport tower and the Fall River skeleton. The passage from Rafn, to which Mr. Longfellow refers as affording a poet sufficient basis upon which to build, is as follows: —

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, — the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century, — that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received ; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses ; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

Dr. Palfrey, in his *History of New England*, so cogently presented the reasons for believing this tower to have been constructed by Governor Arnold, that most students have since been disposed to accept this explanation ; but there have not been wanting those who maintained other views, as witness an article by R. G. Hatfield in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, 1879, in which the author maintains that the old

mill at Newport ought to be called the Vinland Baptistery; and also an article by Mr. S. Edward Forbes who maintains that the structure had nothing in common with the Chesterton mill in Warwickshire, with which it is commonly compared.

With regard to the Fall River skeleton, which with its appurtenances was unfortunately burned before it could be satisfactorily examined by experts, the following description taken from *The American Monthly Magazine* for January, 1836, will give the reader as full an account as is now possible:

"In digging down a hill near the village, a large mass of earth slid off, leaving in the bank and partially uncovered a human skull, which on examination was found to belong to a body buried in a sitting posture; the head being about one foot below what had been for many years the surface of the ground. The surrounding earth was carefully removed, and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of coarse bark of a dark color. Within this envelope were found the remains of another of coarse cloth, made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manilla coffee bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end, and five in the lower. This plate appears to have been cast, and is from one-eighth to three-thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded that whether or not anything was engraved upon it has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form, the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion. Below the breastplate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and a half inches in length, and three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally and close together, the length of a tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass, cast upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. Near the right knee was a quiver of arrows. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round hole cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood and then tying with a sinew through the round hole, a

mode of constructing the weapon never practised by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell. Parts of the shaft still remain on some of them. When first discovered, the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell to pieces when exposed to the air."

The more generally received opinion amongst archæologists makes the skeleton to be that of an Indian.

The following is the form in which the poem was printed in the *Knickerbocker*.

SAGA OF THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

The Poet questions the Skeleton in Armor at Fall River, and asks why his imagination should be haunted by so fearful an apparition.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

A spectral light gleams in the hollow eyes of the Skeleton, and a low, mournful voice issues from his chest.

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

The Skeleton speaks; he had been a Northern Viking, or Pirate; but no song of the bard nor popular tradition had preserved his heroic deeds from oblivion.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

Relates the courage and adventures of his childhood.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

More perilous achievements of his youth.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a Corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

Becomes a pirate, and leads a wild life at sea.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

Likewise a wild life on shore in winter, carousing at night, and hearing the tales of some fierce Berserk, a descendant of Arngrim, who fought his foes with a naked breast, as the name Berserk, *Bare-shirt*, sufficiently denotes.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

As he tells a story of the sea, the eyes of a maiden gaze at him, and he becomes enamored.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

He wins the maiden's heart in the forest.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,

A beer-carouse in the halls of her father Hildebrand. He asks her hand, and the minstrels are mute at his audacity.

Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

He is laughed to scorn by old Hildebrand.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

Is discarded by Hildebrand, but steals the maiden away at night.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

Puts to sea; but is pursued by Hildebrand and his followers.

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

He gains upon his pursuers, when a head-wind round the Cape of Skaw drives him back.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flew
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

Runs down the vessel of Hildebrand, and sinks him and his crew.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,

So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Like a bird of prey, bears off the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

Driven westward by a fierce storm; but at length makes land near Newport, and builds the Round Tower.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On each another!

Lives many years in peace. His bride dies.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

In despair, falls upon his own spear in the forest, and dies.

"Thus, seemed with many scars
Bursting those prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

His soul ascends to the Hall of Odin; and with the souls of warriors, drinks a *skoal* or health to the Northland. The Saga ends.

Page 60. *Skoal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation [*skaal*].

Page 79. *Excelsior.*

[The history of the development of this poem is suggested by the erasures and alterations which an examination of the original manuscript discloses. The first stanza with its erasures is as follows:

The shades of night were falling fast

When through an Alpine village pass'd
through snow and ice
bore ~~about all price~~
'mid
A youth who ~~as the peasant sang~~

A banner with the strange device

~~Engraved in an unknown tongue,~~

Excelsior!

The poet's first attempt was at a contrasted image of the peasant's humble life with its contentment, and the aspiring youth unintelligible to the peasant in the valley. It was too soon to introduce this contrast; he resolved to show the youth only, not speaking, but silently displaying his symbol, precious however to himself. Then the preciousness appeared commonplace or necessarily involved in the very action of the youth, and the poet returned to the idea of a contrast, but this time a contrast of cold, indifferent nature and passionate, spiritual man. What an immense advance in fulness of expression! It is curious, however, that in the second draft, on another paper, also preserved, the poet returned to this idea and tried again,

A youth who bore a pearl of price,

possibly seeking to connect the image with the Biblical one in order to suggest the interpretation of his parable by linking it with an accepted image of spiritual contempt of the world. There is a slight verbal correction also in *'mid* for *through*, as if the physical difficulty of *through ice* annoyed him. The second stanza in the first draft reads:

his eye beneath
His brow was sad; ~~but underneath~~

Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath

~~His steel blue eye~~
rung
And like a silver clarion ~~sung~~,
The accents of that
~~His sweet voice in~~ an unknown tongue,

Excelsior!

Here he was dissatisfied as soon as he had half completed the third line, for he had finished the idea and had half a line to spare. He went back, struck out *but underneath*, wrote *his eye beneath*, which instantly gave him the compactness he wished and a straightforwardness of construction also. Then, probably, when he had said that his sweet voice sung like a silver clarion, he reflected that a clarion rung rather than sung, and changing this word, he saw that in the accents of the tongue he had a more ringing power than he had in a sweet voice, and certainly not only is the measure of the last line now better, but there has been a great access of virility; the mere change of *sung* to *rung* has lifted the third line into something like a trumpet-note.

In the third stanza, the first draft showed only two slight alterations; in the first line he wrote "humble homes" which he changed to "happy homes," thus presenting a stronger contrast to the youth's loneliness, and in the second he changed "pure and bright" to "clear and bright," but the whole stanza was unsatisfactory as it then stood:

> In happy homes he saw the light
>
> Of household fires gleam clear and bright,
>
> And far o'erhead the glaciers shone,
>
> His lips breath'd with a stifled groan,
>
> *Excelsior!*

The labor appears in the second draft, where the first two lines are the same, but the second two are thus worked over:

> Above the spectral
> ~~And far above~~ the glaciers shone;
> And from his lips escaped a
> ~~His lips expressed the stifling~~ groan.

Not only is the rhythm better in this last line, but the action is far more poetic, while both lines have gained in nervous force and in their connection with each other. As first written, there was an awkward halt at the close of the third line. In the final revision one other change was introduced by making the fires gleam "warm and bright" instead of "clear and bright," which was a weak redundancy, while warm also intensifies the contrast.

The fourth stanza came easily. The first three lines were unchanged in the first draft or the second, standing as they do in the printed form. The fourth line in the first draft appeared

his clarion
And clear [redacted] voice replied;

in the second draft, it was

loud
And [redacted] his clarion voice replied;

in the poem it now reads

And loud that clarion voice replied.

Slight changes these, but in the direction of euphony and picturesqueness. It may be said that "youthful" in its contrast to the "old man" was preferable, but it was not so euphonic, and "clarion," though used before, was probably taken as suggesting, with loudness, the spiritual cry of the young man heard above the physical voice of the tempest and torrent.

There is some uncertainty in deciphering the erasures of the fifth stanza. In the corrections, however, there is no singular variation of form except that in the third line, "pale blue eye" became altered to "bright blue eye"; possibly the poet at first meant to indicate his weariness by "pale," and then resolved to give rather his resolution in "bright."

In the sixth stanza "the pine tree's withered branch" is an improvement upon the first form, which appeared in both drafts, "the withered pine tree's branch," and "awful avalanche" was first the tamer "falling avalanche."

The seventh stanza was wholly rewritten, and recast. Besides the linear erasures, lines are drawn downward, marking out the whole, and a new stanza takes its place.

And as the
[redacted] monks of Saint Bernard

In haste the convent gate unbarr'd
They
[redacted] heard amid the falling snow

More faint that smothered voice of woe,

Excelsior!

This was clearly abrupt in transition and false also to the thought of the poem, for it was no part of the poet's intention to characterize the cry as a smothered voice of woe; so he rewrote it as it now stands, except that in the second draft he wrote "startled air" for "frosty" and "clear, cold," successively, a change which added a new and striking effect. The immense improvement in the new stanza is apparent at a glance, since in the turn of the poem the very action of the monks is subtly connected with the aspiration of the youth.

The first two lines of the last stanza but one gave the poet some trouble before he could find the most fit expression. In the first draft he wrote without erasure:

> And guided by the faithful hound,
>
> A frozen, lifeless corse they found;
>
> Still grasping in his hand of ice
>
> The banner with the strange device
>
> *Excelsior!*

In the second draft the first two lines appear:

> A traveller, by
> [redacted] the faithful hound
> Half buried in the snow was
> [redacted] found

The form in the first draft was probably chosen before the original seventh stanza was discarded. Certainly the omission of the pious monks in the final discovery is a gain; the loneliness of the youth is intensified when he is discovered not by one of his own race, but by a hound. Once more, as in the beginning, there is, as it were, a resolution into nature, and the youth, the snow and ice, and a dumb creature remain.

The first two lines of the last stanza stand in print as they were first written, but the last two lines show the poet's fatigue at the close of his work. He had his idea perfected, but his mind stumbled over the right words. Thus the first draft is as follows:

~~And~~
~~His lighted caught the clear of day~~
serene
And from the ~~deep~~ sky, ~~faint~~ and far
fell
A voice ~~dropped~~ like a falling star,

Excelsior!

He did not know it then, but he had really finished his poem, for when he came later to write a second draft, he made his correction over again:

serene
And from the ~~deep~~ sky, ~~faint~~ and far

At the bottom of the first draft are the words, "September 28, 1841. Half-past three o'clock, morning. Now to bed." He wrote first September 27, and then remembered that he had reached the next day and changed the 7 to 8. If any one is curious to know the day of the week, it was Monday night that the poet sat up to write this poem. Mr. Sumner's letter to him is dated merely Thursday, so one can imagine that he had answered it and now had it lying by him as waste paper.

The study of the growth of a poem is an interesting and curious business, yet after all how little one really sees of the poet at work. Somehow or other, as Mr. Lowell says regarding Hawthorne, apropos of his note-books, you look through the key-hole and think you will catch the secret of the alchemist, but at the critical moment his back is turned toward you. It is rare, however, that one has so good an opportunity as this of seeing the shaping of a poetic idea.]

Page 104. *As Lope says.*

La cólera
De un Español sentado no se templa,
Sino le representan en dos horas
Hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Page 107. *Abrenuncio Satanas!*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decis, dijo el Duque." — *Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. 35.

Page 119. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

> Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
> Cansándonos acá fuera;
> Quien en tu celda estuviera
> Para no verte jamas!
>
> BÖHL DE FABER, *Floresta*, No. 611.

Page 119. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

> "Padre Francesco,
> Padre Francesco!"
> —Cosa volete del Padre Francesco?—
> "V'è una bella ragazzina
> Che si vuole confessar!"
> Fatte l' entrare, fatte l' entrare!
> Che la voglio confessare.
>
> KORNUM, *Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln*, p. 194.

Page 121. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 129. *The Gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 132. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali: or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

Page 133. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?"—*El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

Page 134. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

> Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador.
>
> Line 3044.

Page 135. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante: —

> Sì che chiaro
> Per essa scende della mente il fiume.

Byron has likewise used the expression.

> [She was his life
> The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
> Which terminated all.
> *The Dream.*]

Page 135. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer: —

> Porque casó Mari Franca
> Quatro leguas de Salamanca.

Page 137. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*: —

> Ay ojuelos verdes,
> Ay los mis ojuelos,
> Ay hagan los cielos
> Que de mí te acuerdes!
> . . . . .
> Tengo confianza
> De mis verdes ojos.
> Böhl de Faber, *Floresta*, No. [illegible]

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 138. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

Page 138. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. Böhl de Faber. *Floresta*, No. [illegible]

Page 153. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 169. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called

Querelar nasula, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville." — Borrow's *Zincali*, vol. i., ch. 9.

Page 170. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.*

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted: —

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.
Pigeon, a simpleton.
In your morocco, stripped.
Doves, sheets.
Moon, a shirt.
Chirelin, a thief.
Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.
Rastilleros, footpads.
Hermit, highway-robber.
Planets, candles.
Commandments, the fingers.
St. Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.
Lanterns, eyes.
Goblin, police officer.
Papagayo, a spy.
Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 180. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 181.

Page 190. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiégne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 191. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 191. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 191. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles le Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg*, as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 191. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as

the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 191. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs.* He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 191. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 198. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus: —

Nurnberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land.

Nuremberg's Hand
Goes through every land.

Page 198. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning Emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 191.

Page 198. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 198. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 200. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and

seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 200. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision: —

> An old man,
> Gray and white, and dove-like,
> Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
> And read in a fair, great book,
> Beautiful with golden clasps.

Page 220. *Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder.*

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and, with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, 'that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.'" — Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI.

Page 227. *Vogelweid the Minnesinger.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of

the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 236. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 252.

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus: —

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and — was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 264. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed.*

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the fol-

lowing night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral." — Belknap's *American Biography*, i. 203.

Page 270.

These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise.

"Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." — *Job*, v. 6.

Page 277. *Witlaf, a king of the Saxons.*

[In point of fact, Witlaf was one of the Angle kings of Mercia, who made a gallant stand against the Saxon invaders. It was while falling back before Egbert that Witlaf took sanctuary at Croyland, where he was for four months kept hidden by Siward, third Abbot of Croyland. At the end of three years Siward's influence procured the restoration of Witlaf, who became tributary to Egbert. In gratitude to the monks, Witlaf greatly added to the grants and privileges of the house.]

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